

## The Evening World.

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## NOT BEYOND DIPLOMACY.

**I**N YEARS to come historians will range the President's note of sixteen days ago alongside the document which German statesmanship has evolved as a first reply.

Is it with pride that living Germans can forecast the comparison? On the one hand a straightforward request for a declaration of purpose, grim facts set forth with tact and courtesy, an appeal to broad humanity, fine, clean drawing of lines by which modern men and nations have marked boundaries between civilization and barbarism.

On the other, rambling evasion, declaring nothing, answering nothing, professing neither principle nor purpose, ignoring great issues to cast doubt on plain evidence, obscuring fact, hinting the lie. History will dwell upon the contrast—in the years to come.

But in the hours to come this nation has more pressing business, which it trusts the President to execute with promptness and precision. More than two weeks ago we put to Germany a question. We have received a message, but no answer.

It is not beyond diplomacy to frame demands that even the most deliberately obtuse cannot evade.

At the earliest possible moment such a demand should be presented under the seal of the United States at the Foreign Office in Berlin.

## PROTECT THE ADIRONDACK WILDS.

**N**ATURAL American woodland has no more zealous defender than the Camp Fire Club of America. From the club's Committee on the Conservation of Forests and Wild Life The Evening World has received a letter expressing "full approval of a recent editorial on 'The Great North Woods.'"

"The Camp Fire Club," the Committee declares, "is opposed to any commercialization of the Adirondack forests. We are opposed to the leasing of camp sites. We believe that the people of New York State are rich enough to own and appreciate a bit of real wilderness, where they can go and enjoy nature, both tree and animal, in natural surroundings. Central Park to-day has a valuation of fully ten times that of the entire Adirondack forest, both public and private, and yet there is not one who would dare suggest that we lease cottage sites around our Central Park lakes or place road houses along our Park drives, and yet that is exactly what some people want to do with our Adirondacks."

"We do not believe that any appreciable revenue can be derived from the cutting of timber or leasing of camp sites in the Adirondacks that would not ruin them as a natural wilderness."

"The Camp Fire Club of America wants to leave the Adirondack Wilderness as it is and only suggests such slight amendments in the Constitution as will permit of the forest being better protected from the great fire menace, and as will permit of the building of such through State roads as may be necessary to give to the people easy and comfortable access to their own park."

"As this subject of the amending of the Constitution is discussed this summer, and as the many proposals for change are considered, we feel sure that The Evening World will stand solid against the turning over of this park to private interests in however slight a degree."

The difficulty is this: The majority who love the natural wilds cannot rally to defend them because they do not always know the moment when danger threatens. It is the lumbermen and "land development" interests who watch their chance to bring expert arguments to bear on Legislators and Constitution revisers at propitious moments.

The will of the people of this State could be conveyed to the Constitutional Convention at Albany in five words: Let the State Forest alone.

## THOSE WHO PAY.

**W**AR on contract murder and crime in this city is further advanced by the confession of Rosenzweig, gangster and professional strong arm agent, now awaiting sentence by Supreme Court Justice Shearn for manslaughter in the first degree.

"Dopey Benny's" earlier revelations led to the indictment of eight men for murder. Twenty-six others were indicted for lesser crimes. Methods of labor union leaders who regularly hire thugs to beat up strike breakers are further illuminated by Rosenzweig's disclosures.

"Statements made not only by Rosenzweig but by others," according to District Attorney Perkins, "demonstrate what the police officials have long contended, that murder has been a purchasable commodity in this community."

We are at last beginning to get a line on the purchasers—to see where the money comes from that supports gangsters. We are close on the trail of men who pay for crime and so make crime a profession.

If instigators of assault and murder can be rounded up their activities stopped, the gang menace will disappear. When assassination ceases to be a paid calling assassins will be fewer. Get after those who put up the money.

## Hits From Sharp Wits

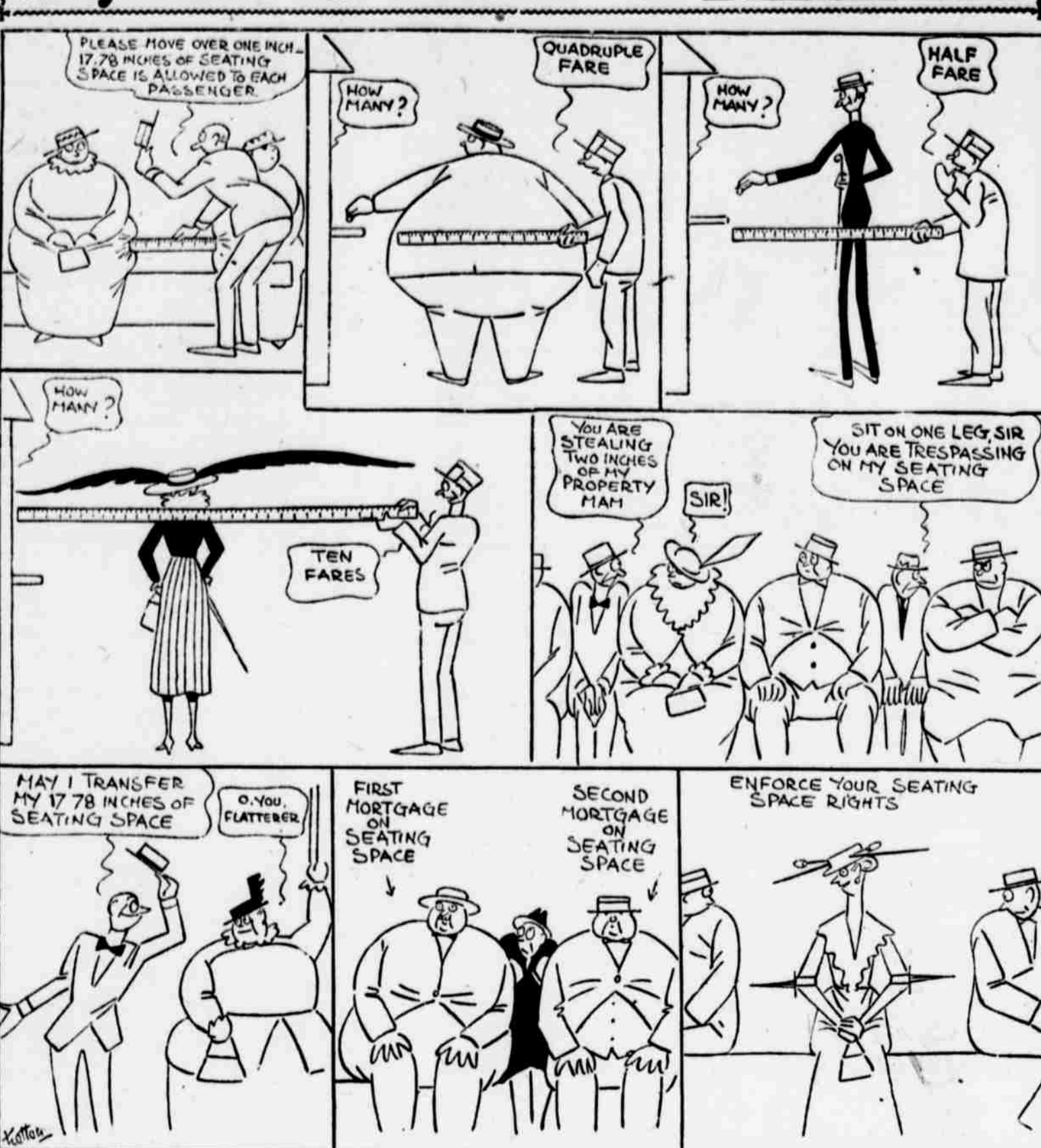
The under dog will usually turn on you if you try to help him in the fight.  
The best peace argument we know of is our pension roll—Columbia State.

A saving sense of humor is a fine thing, but you can't put it in the savings bank and get interest on it—Deseret News.

Miss Anne says the other day at a tea she sat down at a chair which wasn't present and she'll be dignified if it was half as funny as folks seemed to think—Miami Telegraph.

Confidence in the ocean through—Tulsa Daily.

## Why Not?



## By Maurice Ketten

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

**"T**HERE was a block on the line," said Mr. Jarr. "And that's why I'm late."

"Oh, it doesn't matter, dear," replied Mrs. Jarr cheerfully. "The butcher didn't send around the steak till just a few minutes ago, and so you haven't delayed supper."

"I got out and walked," Mr. Jarr went on. "I was told afterward that the block didn't last but a few minutes, and I would have been home pretty near on time if I had been patient. But one never knows how long they'll last, so I walked home."

"Are you sure you didn't stop in anywhere?" asked Mrs. Jarr archly.

"I'm on the water wagon, you know," said Mr. Jarr. "But I went in to a place with Hangle and another fellow and we threw dice for the cigars for a while—at least, that is, I took cigars."

"Were you lucky?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Never won once," replied the good man.

"Well, you can't be a winner all the time, you know," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mr. Hangle told me once you hardly ever lost a bet. Wait till I see how dinner is getting on," she added as she left the room.

"I wonder what the matter with her?" said Mr. Jarr to himself, as he knitted his brow in a puzzled manner. "She's too sweet to be wholesome. There's some scheme on foot!"

Mrs. Jarr returned at this, asking Mr. Jarr not to be cross because supper was late. "I know you must be hungry by this time," she said, "and it is so nice of you to be sweet about it."

"I rode uptown with Mrs. Kittling," said Mr. Jarr. "As a general thing he never told his wife when he met up with good looking ladies—not that Mrs. Jarr was jealous at all—but then—"

"How did she look?" asked Mrs. Jarr curiously.

"Fine!" said Mr. Jarr, trying to see how far he could go. "She was getting into a taxicab to come home, but I called to her from the car and she let the cab go."

"That was nice of her! It made company for you," said Mrs. Jarr. "I always did say that Lily Kittling was a stunning looking woman, and she's such good company."

"She's a peach, all right, all right!" said Mr. Jarr.

"We must have her to dinner some night. I don't care what people say about her," said Mrs. Jarr heartily.

## Mr. Jarr Mistakes His Harlem Home

For an Elevator Flat in Paradise

"I see all the stores advertising new dress goods," he said. "I suppose you'll be getting some new gowns?"

"I don't think I need a thing," said Mrs. Jarr placidly. "And if I did need anything I'd wait a little; the early summer styles are always over-emphasized and too pronounced and conspicuous. At least I think so."

Mr. Jarr almost had a fit for a moment and then he said: "I'm going out for an hour or two to play pinocle at Gus's on the corner. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not," said Mrs. Jarr. "Why do you always ask? You don't think I object to you going out and having a good time? I'm sure you deserve some recreation—working all day in that stuffy old office!"

Mr. Jarr pinched himself to see if he was awake. "I may be a little late," he said.

"All right," said Mrs. Jarr cheerily. "I have a good book I want to read; stay as late as you like."

But Mr. Jarr was so nervous that he couldn't remember the run of the cards. And after half an hour of desultory playing he announced that his wife was home and not feeling well, and he'd go and keep her company.

"There's something coming off," said Mr. Jarr softly to himself, "and I wonder what it is!"

But nothing was coming off. Occasionally ball clubs, race horses, billiard players and wives display strange reversals of form—considering past performances.

## So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

**T**HE Official Census informs us that in the United States last year 12,389 men stopped smoking. Three of them did not talk about it so incessantly that all of their friends learned to hate them.

Thomas A. Edison, who has taken out more than 1,500 patents, confesses that he never has learned how to make a fountain pen behave.

When the submarines of the different warring nations begin to soak it to each other, the cherished Kilkeny-Kat millennium will have arrived.

A well known novelist says that his mental activity is at its greatest when he is looking up his wife's dress. Yes, he said his wife's.

Recently we saw a picture of the Congress of the Chinese Republic in session. Among those present were about one hundred and fifty uneducated dealers, but no Chinese Congressmen.

When this picture was taken we think there must have been a fan-tan game going on in the clock tower.

Next to the hard, steady glint in the eye of a woman pushing a baby carriage when she catches upon another woman leading a pitiful dog by a leash is the steady, hard glint in the eye of a woman with the dog on the leash when she comes upon a woman pushing a baby carriage.

Our idea of the Saddest of all Spectacles is that of a man of fifty pushing three or four young women all

## Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

**V**ERILY, verily, my daughter, a woman is as an air-plant which feedeth upon nothing but imagination; yes, she is more easily satisfied than a puppy in a closet full of old shoes.

Now, I knew a damsel of seventeen who believed in ALL things, even love in a cottage, and the things men tell a woman, and all the face cream advertisements.

And behold, she cried, in her simplicity: "I shall marry none but a PERFECT man!"

But I answered her sadly, saying: "Then go thou and study stenography, and hoard thy money; for, verily, thou art doomed to eternal spinsterhood, and 'Old Maid' is written on thy brow."

But she hearkened not, and answered scornfully: "Nay, I shall wed mine IDEAL! And he shall have lovely hair, and the legs of Apollo, and a profile like unto a moving picture actor. Moreover, he shall be always arrayed like unto the pictures in the men's clothing advertisements which appear in the backs of the magazines."

And I marvelled, sighing: "Is THIS, then, a Perfect Man?" But when she had waxed twenty-two I approached her, inquiring: "Why hast thou not married? Hast thou not found thine IDEAL?"

And she made reply sorrowfully: "Nay; for he came not in time, and mine IDEAL hath changed. Lo, NOW I yearn only for a Soul Companion; and I will have none but an Intellectual Being, who readeth Schopenhauer and Ibsen and quoth from Browning and taketh in the Highbrow matinees:

"For a Superior Person of noble thoughts and great ambitions and IDEAS alone could satisfy me!"

Ang again, at twenty-seven, I sought her out, and she had NOT married.

"WHERE is thy Prince Charming?" But she mocked me bitterly, and answered, saying: "Go to! WHO desireth a Prince Charming? Such things are the vain fancies of childhood; but as for me, I shall marry for MONEY! And none, with less than three automobiles and a town and country house need apply!"

And again, when she had waxed thirty-two, I sought her out, saying: "I have found a man for thee—even thine IDEAL."

And I introduced her unto an Easy Thing. And when she had blisfolded him and led him unto the altar, she came unto me with words of joy, crying: "At last, at last, I have found mine IDEAL!"

And I hid my smiles and bestowed my blessing upon her. But my wonder knew no bounds.

For lo! his shoulders were as cream puffs, and his "lovely hair" had long since departed from his forehead. Yes, he knew not Browning from Billy Baxter, nor Schopenhauer from a brand of cheese; for he had read nothing but the comic papers all the days of his life.

And the height of his Ambition was a well-cooked dinner and a cabaret show.

And he took her to live in a Harlem flat that she might darn his socks and do his housework.

And I cried in my heart: "It is well, it is well that women are EASILY pleased!" Selah!

## My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

**C**HAPTER XLIX. LIKE every one else, had ideas about marriage—what it should mean to both a man and a woman. But I was rapidly finding out that you can't theorize about marriage; you've got to live it. It's your own individual problem.

And our marriage, Jane's and mine, was fast becoming a problem; although I don't think either of us suspected it.

I found that instead of deriving the pleasure I anticipated from my runabout, it was going to prove another bone of contention. Jane said nothing more about my buying it while she was away; neither did she again mention Miss Reese in connection with the car. But she rarely rode with me; making one excuse after another until I gave up asking her to save occasionally—or when she was going to some social function.

Man-like, because she didn't nag or scold about it, I concluded she had forgotten, or considered foolish—which it was—her suspicion that I had bought the car on Miss Reese's account. Her very avoidance of the subject should have warned me, however; the fact that she never mentioned it when I took the nurse out with me, should have been proof that she was still unconvinced of my honesty in telling her that I bought the car when I did as a surprise for her.

My selfish stupidity, and that was that all, or nearly all, women have ideas—years and years of ideas; and that it is a terrible thing to be a woman who has no ideas of her own.

My work, that had claimed all my time and attention year after year, had been earnest, loyal and vital to my happiness and the well being of my family. But I had made one colossal mistake. I had eliminated all expressions of my love, all the little amenities of affection that women expect—have a right to expect—from my daily life; the consequences being that I had driven Jane, who I believe had loved me, to a condition of apathy as far as I was concerned.

How often we hear the expression, "If I had my life to live over again I would do—do—do!" If I had my life to live over again I should do—do—do! Not that I would give to my profession one whit less of my ability, but that I would give to my wife, to my home, more of myself, and be more generous in my appreciation of them.

We had started so happily! Could I ever forget our delightful honeymoon? But—let me not get ahead of myself. And instead of our happiness increasing with the years, there was at all appearances, no trace of our mutual love, no trace of our affection, had taken its place. I recall

the funny things at Coney Island and trying to do himself into the belief that he is enjoying it just like he used to.

Our idea of the Kindest Girl to Hilarity is the one who rides behind her husband on a motorcycle.

And you ever notice, of a Sunday afternoon in a park, say, that when you look out of goodnaturedly at a young dad pushing a baby carriage he utterly fails to make your intent, but thinks you're trying to put one over on him, and he glares back at you with his jaw jutting out as much as to say, "Yes, I'm pushing it, and it's my young—un, doggone you, and what have YOU got to say about it—huh?"

(To be Continued)